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posed by Cæsar, but for centuries it has enjoyed a reputation for being especially favored by Heaven; and to establish this claim to divine favor many legends are preserved by the Church; the one given by the Abbé Le Roy, Canon, Archdeacon and Official of Boulogne, I will here relate. He states that during the reign of Dagobert I. in the year 636, a boat without either pilot or sailors on board was seen to enter the port of Boulogne, which the sea by its extreme calmness seemed to respect. A brilliant light shed its rays over the boat, and caused many people to run to the shore to see what it contained. They found on board an image of the Holy Virgin about three feet six inches in height, beautifully carved in wood, and carrying the Infant Jesus upon her left arm. This image had over its countenance an indescribable expression of majesty and divinity, which appeared on the one hand to repress the insolence of the waves, and on the other sensibly to solicit the veneration of men. Now while the people who had been attracted to the shore were wondering, and adoring this charming spectacle, the Holy Virgin appeared to those who were assembled in the chapel, engaged in offering up their accustomed prayers. She appeared to them in great brilliancy, and informed them that the angels had conducted the boat to their shore, wherein they would find her image. She then ordered them to bring this image into the chapel, where it was to remain until they should build a church worthy of her. The church was accordingly built, and the image placed therein. This report spreading over the country inspired devotees with the desire to visit a place of so great sanctity, and hence the annual pilgrimage to Boulogne which is still observed by the pious. This image excited the hostility of Huguenots and infidels, and it has suffered every indignity at their hands. Attempts have been made to destroy it; it has been buried and burned, so that all that now remains of it is a hand, enclosed in a golden heart and suspended from the neck of the new statue of the Holy Virgin which stands upon the altar in the Cathedral of Boulogne—a handsome edifice erected upon the foundations of the original chapel.

As I had only a few hours to spend in this quaint old town before the morning train left for Paris, I devoted a portion of the time to visiting this celebrated Cathedral, which I found enriched by many fine paintings and statues. One, placed above the high altar, representing the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, I noticed as being presented to this Cathedral by Louis Philipp. Another altar piece depicts Our Lady arriving in her boat, with a brilliant star shining down upon her. Hundreds of native offerings were suspended upon the walls, made by devoted pilgrims. I regretted not having heard the organ, which has the reputation of being very fine, and which is played every afternoon from 12 to 2 o'clock.

The old custom of blessing the sea is still continued in Boulogne. It occurs annually upon the first Sunday in October. The procession is composed principally of those engaged in maritime pursuits, and is headed by the clergy, who upon arriving at the shore enter the water up to their knees, and invoke a solemn benediction upon the sea.

Boulogne has been the temporary residence of many celebrities; among them, monarchs, poets and authors. It may be remembered that Le Sage was residing here at the time of the publication of his most famous work—"Gil Blas." He was buried in the cemetery adjoining the Cathedral before mentioned. Perhaps I may be pardoned for here relating an episode that occurred not long before his death. In his later years, this talented author took a strong aversion to the drama, although he had previously written for the stage, consequently he was so offended upon learning that his eldest son had become an actor under the name of Montménil, that he refused to hold any communication with him. After several years had elapsed, Montménil's profession brought him to Boulogne, where he was ignorant of his father's presence. It happened that the comedy in which he was to appear was one of Le Sage's best productions. One of his father's friends, anxious to effect a reconciliation between them, induced Le Sage to accompany him to the theatre. Upon arriving there what was Le Sage's astonishment to learn that his son was to perform the principal rôle in one of his own comedies! The acting was so admirable that not only the audience were in transports, but even Le Sage was compelled to join in the applause. After the play, the friend who had purposely persuaded Le Sage to witness this representation, brought Montménil to his father's box and introduced him, saying, "*Embrassez votre père, car c'est à votre talent que vous devez d'avoir reconquis son amitié.*" "Montménil, mon fils, je te pardonne," stammered Le Sage, and pressing him to his heart he added, "*Je te voulais avocat, et me voilà satisfait, car tu viens de gagner la plus difficile de toutes les causes.*"

Everywhere in Boulogne I find trace of the first Empire; while driving along the cliffs I passed the obelisk that commemorates the spot where Napoleon, seated in the throne-chair of Dagobert I., distributed the decorations of the Legion of Honor to the Grand Army. To make this ceremony more imposing, the decorations were presented to him in the helmet of the famous Du Guesclin, and upon the famous shield of the renowned Chevalier Bayard. I also saw a splendid bronze statue of the first Emperor, representing him in his coronation robes. The height of the column is scarcely less than that one in the Place Vendôme in Paris. The statue is approached by a very steep road, with which there is an anecdote connected that may be of sufficient interest to introduce here.

It is well known that Napoleon was very fond of driving, and that he had a high opinion of his skill in managing horses. One day while driving along this road with Generals Rapp, Monge and Cambaceres, he commanded Cæsar, the coachman, to dismount and give him his seat on the driving box. The carriage was drawn by five very spirited horses, which required great strength and judgment to drive them. No sooner was Napoleon seated upon the box, and had taken the reins in hand, than the horses, instinctively knowing that Cæsar had abdicated, set off at a full gallop towards the sea. Thereupon the uncrowned Cæsar roared to the Emperor, "Sire, to the left, pull them to the left, and give the reins

to the second grey to the right." "Hold your tongue, Cæsar, I know what I am about," returned the Emperor. The horses, however, claimed and acquired the sovereign power, much to the terror of Cambaceres, who imploringly inquired, "Ah mon Dieu, Sire, where is your Majesty going to?" "What a coward you are, Cambaceres," was the answer, "don't you see that I am driving as I should?" "Certainly," said Rapp, who enjoyed Cambaceres' fright, despite his own dangers, "Your Majesty is driving us straight to England, where we so badly want to go." Napoleon lashed the horses, Cambaceres urged him to pull up, Monge, white with consternation, clung to the carriage door, until the wheel came in contact with a large stone and upset the carriage, and the horses immediately stopped. The Emperor was thrown a considerable distance and fainted, Cambaceres escaped with a blow on the forehead, Monge's hat was crushed, and Rapp and Cæsar alighted on their feet. Assistance was immediately rendered to the Emperor, who took some time to recover, on which, notwithstanding their plight, the whole party laughed heartily, and when Napoleon got up he handed the whip to Cæsar and said, "I must render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; I have had enough of coachman's work, and accordingly resign."

Boulogne is half the distance from London to Paris. The two towns of the most importance on this route are Abbeville and Amiens, but as our train was forty minutes *en retard*, we made no stoppage until we reached the imperial city. The declining sun was gilding the turreted dome of the Tuileries, as we entered the Gare du Nord.

CECILIA.

[From the Boston Evening Transcript, May 14.]

THE GREAT ORGAN IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

The great organ in the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., is the largest instrument ever built in the United States. Its success must be very gratifying to its builders, who have received the following letter from Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, pastor of the church:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 7, 1867.

Messrs. E. & G. Hook, Boston, Mass.:

Gentlemen:—In reply to your request, it gives me great pleasure to express my admiration for the noble organ which you last year placed in Plymouth Church. It has given the utmost satisfaction, and even the criticisms that have been made upon it were complimentary: for it assumed that it belonged among the very first of remarkable organs, and it was criticised from that high point of view. I have yet to hear one member of Plymouth congregation speak of it but with delight and enthusiasm.

For myself, though I was well pleased from the first, yet every week my pleasure is renewed, and my appreciation of its noble qualities deepens. I owe you an unpayable debt of gratitude, and it ought to afford you great satisfaction to know that you have built an instrument so admirable and grand, that, hereafter, it must be mentioned in every history of the organ, and continue, for generations, to be quoted as among the triumphs of skill.

Some of the best effects, particularly in the bass, are much curtailed by the position in which it stands. If this seem to some faults of the organ, we know them to be faults of the place where it is constrained to stand.

I shall always be grateful to you for this labor of love, as I am sure it was, as well as of great skill, and shall count that church happy that secures your instruments.

I am, truly, yours,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Translated from "Die Gartenlaube."]

REMINISCENCES OF MENDELSSOHN.

The boy had grown to a man. I had watched with interest the constant rise of his reputation and fame; had enjoyed with ever increasing sympathy his compositions as they appeared one after another, each one more important, more elaborate than its predecessor; but for seventeen years I had not seen their author personally. Now, he was the celebrated Director of the Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts, which by his talent and ability had been raised to such pre-eminence. On all sides the performances of this orchestra, under the baton of Mendelssohn as leader, had become renowned as the very best which could be heard in the way of exact, spirited, energetic, and delicately elaborated execution of concerted music. What wonder that I longed to participate in this pleasure! So I set to work and wrote a composition for grand orchestra, and when it was completed applied by letter to Mendelssohn, with the request that I might be allowed to bring it forward in the Gewandhaus. I spoke of no pecuniary compensation, but only expressed the wish that I might myself direct the rehearsals and performance of my composition.

I soon afterward received a friendly letter from Mendelssohn, in which he informed me that my composition had been received with favor, its performance decided upon, and that it would also be very agreeable to the direction if I myself would bring it before the public. I mention this letter particularly, on account of a paragraph which characterizes his nature, so noble, amiable even tender, and ever ready to render assistance to the utmost of his power, especially to those of his own profession. He writes: "It seems to me desirable, also, that a remuneration—enough at least to cover some portion of your travelling expenses—should be offered to you, although you say nothing of this. Our means are, it must be confessed, very limited; nevertheless, I thought this might not be unwelcome to you, and I also understand that the directors are of the same opinion." This was in November, 1838.

Soon afterward I came to Leipsic with my piece. Mendelssohn received me in the most friendly and cordial manner, and during the rehearsals assisted me with his advice most zealously, in order to render the final execution of the piece as perfect as possible. When on the eventful evening he came to me in the orchestra, and perceiving the state of nervous excitement in which I was, he said—

"You seem to be anxious."

"Indeed I am, most keenly anxious," I rejoined.

"Ah, bah!" said he, "there is no need of any thing of that sort. Your work is good: that you know, as a matter of course. As to how the

public will receive it to-day, what will that amount to? Do we ask better fortune than has so often befallen the greatest masters of all times with their very best works?"

My composition received, as the Leipsic criticism said, a *succès d'estime*. I was most thoroughly disheartened, and from that time forward renounced the pleasures of composition. . . .

Subsequently I passed many a happy hour with Mendelssohn. He came frequently to Weimar, and on these occasions he played his most recent compositions for us and some of his most particular friends, either at my own house, or that of the then music-master Montag. But he always forbade any larger assemblies at such times.

"Let us have some music this evening," he used to say, "but quite by ourselves. If need be, we must be able to pull off our coats and play in our shirt-sleeves." One evening I did not come home from the rehearsal of an opera until ten o'clock. With a beaming face my wife met me with the question—

"Who do you think has been here? Mendelssohn! He was passing through the city," (if I am not mistaken, this was on his bridal tour to Frankfurt,) "and was sadly disappointed not to find you. 'I'll tell you what, my dear Frau Lobe,' he said, 'I will here spend the two hours which I have to wait, before the post goes out, with you, and, if agreeable, will play something for you;' so he seated himself at the piano, and for two whole hours, almost without interruption, played the most beautiful pieces for me alone, and 'extemporized divinely!'"

One may well imagine that my wife has not forgotten, nor ceased to be proud of that evening. At another time we had some music at Montag's house. Mendelssohn played his D minor trio. Then we undertook a quintet of my own composition, and in this he played the second violin very correctly and skilfully. Where opportunity offered, however, he sought in other ways, also, to do me some kindness or service. Thus, for example, he spoke most favorably of the above mentioned quintet to my noble patron and benefactor, in many ways, the Grand Duchess Maria Pawlowna, whereupon that gracious lady remitted to me a handsome present, "in consequence," as she wrote, "of a honorable recognition of your professional exertions by Dr. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy."

It may perhaps be little known that this vigorous, healthy man, active to an extreme degree, always cheerful, so happy in all his relations, and recognizing so clearly his good fortune, was at times impressed with the presentiment of an early death. When he was bringing forward his *Paulus*, in the Cathedral at Weimar, we were sitting together one day after a rehearsal in his room at the "Erbprinz," and I—at that time a hypochondriac—remarked that I should enjoy but little of his later compositions. He rejoined—

"O, my dear friend, you will outlive me many a day!" I laughed at this assertion of his, but he interrupted me most seriously and decidedly with the words, "I shall not live to be an old man!" And then, as if he repented of this declaration, his features assumed their most cheerful expression, and he changed the conversation to a discussion of the rehearsal just ended, in which he especially dwelt upon and extolled the cordial and ready co-operation of all those associated with him in this performance.

How could I dream at that moment—when my companion was in but his thirtieth year, and the fulness of health—that a few years later his prophecy would be fulfilled! In 1846, I removed to Leipsic, and found him in glowing health and spirits, unceasingly active in every direction, enjoyed many an entertaining and instructive conversation with him, and one year after, in 1847, when only in his thirty-eighth year, twenty-six years after my first meeting with the handsome, spirited lad at Goethe's house, the great musician was borne from his residence in the Königsstrasse, to the Pauline Church. Among the mourners who followed his bier was the writer of these lines.

LANGUAGES.—The least learned are aware that there are many languages in the world, but the actual number is probably far beyond the dreams of ordinary people. The geographer, Balbi, enumerates eight hundred and sixty which are entitled to be considered as distinct languages, and five thousand which may be regarded as dialects. Adelung, another modern writer on this subject, reckons up three thousand and sixty-four languages and dialects existing, and which have existed. Even after we have allowed either of these as the number of languages, we must acknowledge the existence of almost infinite minor diversities; for, in almost every country, we see that every province has a tongue more or less peculiar, and this we may well believe to be the case throughout the world at large. It is said there are little islands, lying close together, in the South Sea, the inhabitants of which do not understand each other. Of the eight hundred and sixty distinct languages enumerated by Balbi, fifty-three belong to Europe, one hundred and fourteen to Africa, one hundred and fifty-three to Asia, four hundred and twenty-three to America, and one hundred and seventeen to Oceania, by which term he distinguishes the vast number of islands stretching between Hindostan and South America.

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